

Armed To The Teeth

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/3217622) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/3217622>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	The Avengers (Marvel Movies) , Captain America (Movies)
Relationships:	Steve Rogers/Tony Stark , James "Bucky" Barnes/Loki
Characters:	Steve Rogers , Tony Stark , James "Bucky" Barnes , Loki (Marvel) , Thor (Marvel) , Bruce Banner , Natasha Romanov , Clint Barton
Additional Tags:	Arguing , Angry Steve , Tony Being Tony , Bottom Tony Stark , Top Steve Rogers , Angry Sex , Blow Jobs , Dirty Talk , Rough Sex , Anal Sex , Anal Fingering , Rimming , Depththroating , Wall Sex , Floor Sex , Verbal Tony , Hair-pulling , Biting , Spanking , date proposal , Teasing , Steve Shows Tony How Good He Can Be , Bucky And Loki Know What They Got Up To
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Stony
Stats:	Published: 2015-01-23 Words: 6,161 Chapters: 1/1

Armed To The Teeth

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Summary

Steve and Tony get into an argument when Tony brings up Steve's lack of experience in the sheets during a get together with the other Avengers, and new additions. They continue when they get back to Stark Tower, but Steve is finding it hard to fight back when Tony's wearing a tight button up shirt. Tony knows Steve has been interested in him. And Steve wants to prove that he can be great without experience. Angry sex ensues and Tony doesn't protest, and it doesn't really go unnoticed in the morning.

It was supposed to be a nice evening with the team, with friends. But of course, Tony Stark had to open his huge mouth, as always. They were enjoying a few drinks and their main meals, when he had brought up the topic of Steve's past. Or more so about his past bedroom experience which remained at an all time low. Steve was halfway through chewing on chicken when he started choking on it, having to have Clint whack him on the back. Loki and Bucky of course were the ones to laugh hysterically at the other end of the table. Steve was fuming by then, embarrassed even. Everyone else around the table had some experience, even Thor and Loki admitted to some. Loki was a dead giveaway though. He was after all having secret liaisons with Bucky, thinking no one knew about him and the super soldier. But they did, the walls were pretty paper thin at Stark Tower. Natasha tried to stop the pair from laughing and Clint started scolding Tony.

Bruce on the other hand remained quiet and reserved as usual, giving Steve a sympathetic look. Thor simply slapped Steve roughly on the shoulder and gave it a squeeze. The blonde was near imploding on himself when Tony proceeded to go on about it. If they weren't in a public place he would have punched the billionaire. He had thought about doing it when they got back to Stark Tower, maybe he'd challenge him to a sparring match, beat him to a pulp then. But Steve was never one for violence, at least not against team mates, that was a harsh thing. The thing that hurt the most was seeing his best friend Bucky laughing about it, he did think the brunette always had his back. But it was typical for Loki and Bucky to connect on that level, to be a bit immature and mean spirited. They were ordering desserts when Steve excused himself, making a trip to the bathroom, before deciding to hang around outside waiting for everyone to finish. He didn't exactly want to be there anymore.

Steve had always hated the topic, he was always cringing around it. He'd only had three kisses in his life...Peggy back in the day, which was unexpected, Natasha when they were hiding from Rumlow, which was also unexpected, and finally Bucky during a game of truth or dare with the others a few months ago, also unexpected. All of them were unexpected really, the strangest was Bucky's because that's what made Steve want to try both men and women. Oddly enough he had now settled on men but wasn't looking...apparently. That's why he had no experience, he held himself back, kept himself reserved. Even when he stood outside he could still hear Tony bragging about how many times he'd been in bed with women, and some men. It strangely made jealousy rip through Steve, it bothered him. No one would have really known he was slightly keen on Tony, except for Natasha, she always damn well knew.

"You need to approach him Steve, see if he's interested, I'm sure he is,"

Natasha's words swam in his head, repeating itself time and time again. The blonde knew he had to at least try. But he couldn't when he was so angry with Tony. He couldn't muster up the confidence. He may be Captain America, but he was still shy as hell.

Hours later the others had finally gotten home. Steve left early and spent some time down in the training room throwing punches at a punching bag. Of course because of all his anger towards Tony, he sent it flying across the room and burst the seam. He could hear laughter up above and sighed as he took the wraps off his hands and packed them away. All he wanted to

do was grab some water and then retreat to his room to do some drawing. Steve didn't want to talk to anyone, especially not to Tony because he would most likely punch him.

"Anyone know where Cap is?" Tony asked.

The blonde rolled his eyes as he walked down the hallway to the elevator. He stepped inside and pressed the button for the floor above, tapping his fingers on his arms when he crossed them over his chest. As the elevator stopped he could hear more laughing, and Tony's loud voice as usual.

"He's probably in his room doing research on everything sexual so he knows what to do when the time comes," the brunette spoke.

Steve's eyes widened, jaw dropping as he gawked at Tony. Only Natasha noticed him and she went a little pale, her lips pulled into a thin line. When everyone else fell silent, Tony turned around, his stupid smirk still on his face.

"Hey Cap," he chimed.

The blonde scowled, jaw clenching.

"Well, I am rather tired, I'll be off to bed, Bucky, come darling," Loki mused.

"Oh I'll definitely come," Bucky teased, with a purr.

"Bucky!" Loki yelled, chuckling slightly as headed for the elevator.

"I'm following those guys," Clint mused, making a quick exit.

"Same, Thor, Bruce you with us?" Natasha asked.

The god and Bruce nodded, passing by Tony and Steve, who had veins of anger showing on his neck. When the room fell silent, Steve looked away from Tony, his hands clenched into fists.

"You alright Cap? You look a little tense," Tony issued.

"Are you really asking me that?" Steve spat.

Tony shrugged.

"What is your problem?" Steve hissed. "How could you embarrass me like that?" he asked.

"I was only telling people the truth Steve," Tony scoffed.

"If I wanted everyone to know I would have said it myself," the blonde snapped.

"Oh please, if you were asked to confess that you'd be stuttering and blushing before shying away," the brunette laughed.

"God you're always such a fucking smug bastard Tony!" Steve yelled.

Tony was taken aback by Steve's sudden outburst, not because of the yelling, but because never in his life did he think he would hear Captain America swear like that.

"Well Steve I never thought I'd hear you swear," he mused, sauntering over to the dining table.

"You're unbelievable! You won't even apologize for what you said!" Steve exclaimed.

"Why should I!" Tony roared.

"You had no right to humiliate me!" Steve spat.

"Oh didn't I? It was a bit of fun Spangles! Calm down!" the brunette yelled, picking up a strawberry from the bowl.

Steve shook his head, standing at the other end of the table. He watched Tony take a bite from the strawberry, his lips curling around the succulent fruit. The blonde couldn't help his constant staring, he actually couldn't find the motivation to fight back. He had always wanted to be one up on Tony, but found it near impossible, Tony always outsmarted him. His gaze ran down to the red, tight fitting button up shirt the brunette had on. It hugged him in all the right places and Steve could feel the heat rising in his cheeks.

"See something you like...Cap...or should I call you Captain Virgin?" Tony purred, smirking coyly.

"Shut up!" Steve roared, slamming his fist on the table.

Tony grinned.

"As Loki would say...I do what I want," he replied.

The blonde let out an angered grunt as he closed his eyes and tried to refrain from the urge to kill the billionaire. But a stronger force was driving him insane, flaming up inside him, burning, yearning.

"Y'know, I'm surprised Loki and Thor had even had a little bit of experience. And they're so much older than you Stevie, how does that make you feel?" Tony hummed.

"Tony enough," Steve sighed.

"I mean...they're gods and all, you'd think that wasn't on their mind really. I heard Loki and Bucky have a lot of fun and stuff," Tony continued.

"I said enough!" Steve screamed.

He'd had enough now, he was angry, but aroused and both of them were clashing. Part of him wanted to strangle Tony but the other half wanted to fuck him against every available surface in the room. He hadn't felt such a feeling, that ache, his stomach twisting. Steve was going to show Tony he could be great without experience.

"I'm just saying," Tony chuckled.

Steve growled as he grabbed the dining table and tossed it against the nearest wall, the glass shattering. Tony flinched, his eyes widening slightly.

"You have to pay for that!" he yelled.

"Shut. Up," Steve snapped.

Three long strides had him in front of Tony, his fingers curling into the fabric of his shirt. The blonde's lips crashed against the brunette's, rough but passionate. Steve knew right at that moment that this is what he wanted to do for weeks. He felt Tony tense, but that feeling wore off when Steve grabbed him roughly by his hips.

"God Steve," he gasped out.

The kiss was a mix of tongues and teeth, moans emitting from both their throats. Tony was surprised Steve had even made the first move, he was surprised at how skillful Steve's lips were on his. The brunette's hands grasped Steve's white gym shirt, teeth grazing the blonde's tongue.

"Fuck," Steve groaned.

"Come on Cap, surely you can do better than that," Tony whispered.

Steve frowned, still slightly angry at Tony, but more overpowered by arousal as he grabbed the brunette's arm. He turned him around and slammed him against the far wall, breath hot on Tony's neck.

"You fucking wanted this didn't you?" he hissed, nipping Tony's ear.

"Oh god...yes," Tony sighed softly.

The blonde hummed, his lips trailing down Tony's neck as he rolled his hips forward. Tony could feel Steve's cock hard against his ass and he let out a filthy moan, eyes falling closed.

"Fu-do that again," Steve grunted, rolling his hips again.

Sure enough Tony let out the same filthy moan as before, rocking his hips back on Steve. The super soldier purred into Tony's ear, fingers running up under his shirt as he ripped it open, buttons flying in all directions.

"You're paying for that shirt too," Tony groaned.

"Shut up," Steve whispered, running his warm hands down Tony's bare torso, fingers brushing the lining of the brunette's arc reactor. "God you're gorgeous," he hummed, smirking slightly.

"Hey Capsicle, be honest with me...how are you managing all this?" Tony questioned.

"I did my research," Steve crooned, biting the skin on Tony's collarbone.

Tony moaned sweetly, cheek pressed against the wall as Steve still kept his arms behind his back.

"I need you Steve," he whispered.

"Begging now are we? God I could fuck you so rough against the wall you won't walk properly for a few days," Steve chuckled wickedly.

"Oh...fuck," Tony gasped breathlessly, bringing out the 'K' as he bit his lip. "I need to make you angry more often," he added, smirking slightly.

Steve grinned, turning Tony back around to face him as he pulled his hair, exposing his neck. Tony swallowed roughly as his lips parted, his eyes falling on Steve. The blonde peppered kisses along Tony's jaw before licking a stripe down to the sensitive skin before his shoulder. He gave a playful bite, hearing the moan slip through Tony's lips as he bit harder. The brunette shuddered under his touch, hips rutting up against Steve's groin, the pair of them moaning in unison.

"Didn't think I had experience," Steve scoffed. "I can learn easily just from reading," he added, lips ghosting on Tony's collarbone.

It probably wasn't a good idea for someone to come wandering up the stairs. Bucky needed a drink and decided to take the stairs up from his room he shared with Loki. He reached the top but stopped abruptly when he saw the scene before him. His face was expressionless, a poker face really. When Tony let out another breathy gasp, the brunette turned away and went back down the stairs.

"Nope," he whispered. "But good on ya' Stevie," he added.

Tony's fingers ran under Steve's shirt, brushing his skin lightly.

"Let's get those clothes off huh?" Steve purred, lips finding Tony's again.

The brunette groaned, leaning his head back against the wall. Steve grinned as he slipped the shirt from Tony's shoulders, kissing along his shoulder and down his chest. He tossed the shirt to the side and ran his hands down to Tony's pants, catching the zipper in between his thumb and index finger, giving it a light tug. Tony practically whined as he gripped the hem of Steve's shirt and pulled it up and over his head. He nearly went weak at the knees seeing Steve's muscled torso, fingers lingering there for a moment.

"Like something you see?" Steve whispered, right into Tony's ear.

Tony shuddered.

"You're damn right I do," he crooned.

Steve grinned as he rested his hands on Tony's hips before sliding down to his knees. Tony slipped out a moan, leaning his head back as he felt Steve's hands at his zipper. The blonde

pulled the zipper down and slipped his thumbs into Tony's waistband and he pulled his pants down below his ass. He mouthed at the material of Tony's underwear, drawing out a low moan from the brunette. The blonde didn't really want to waste anymore time, he was eager, Tony was eager. Hell, he was still somewhat angry at his teammate, he wanted to show him he wasn't playing.

"Did I ever tell you how angry you make me?" Steve asked, pushing Tony's hips back against the wall.

"You show it sometimes," Tony replied.

"You make me so fucking angry, but y'know, at the same time you fucking turn me on," Steve purred.

Tony whimpered.

"God Steve," he whispered.

The super soldier chuckled as he grabbed the hem of Tony's underwear and pulled it down. His cock came into view and Steve breathed on it, breath hot against the skin. Tony groaned, fisting his fingers in Steve's hair, bracing himself on the wall. The blonde hummed as he ran his tongue up from the base to the tip, letting out an obscene moan before he took half of Tony's cock into his mouth. Tony stared down at the glistening sea blue eyes that stared up at him, a smile showing on Steve's pretty, stretched lips.

"Shit Steve," Tony moaned.

His legs trembled when he felt Steve take the rest of him in, cock hitting the back of the blonde's throat. Steve didn't even flinch, he just moaned, the vibrations rumbling up from his throat and around Tony's cock, making the brunette choke on a gasp. Tony's fingers threaded through the short blonde strands on Steve's head, gripping them gently. Steve hummed, pushing forward as he took Tony in further, deepthroating him with such technique, Tony really thought that Steve must have done this before, or maybe he was just a natural.

"Okay, maybe I-" Tony paused, groaning loudly. "Maybe I doubted you Cap," he chuckled, whining suddenly as Steve's tongue swirled around his cock.

The blonde grinned as he moved back, letting go of Tony's cock with an obscene 'pop' as he wiped drool from his chin. He panted heavily, chest rising and falling as he stared up at Tony.

"We're not finished yet," he whispered.

"Oh fuck," Tony moaned, head leaning against the wall.

"Turn around," Steve ordered, a coy smile on his face.

"Why?" Tony asked.

"Ask questions later, that's an order soldier!" Steve barked.

"Fucking christ," Tony whined, turning his body around as he placed his hands on the wall.

"Good," Steve soothed, running his hands up the back of Tony's thighs.

His hands were soft, a little cold too, but Tony couldn't get over the thrilling sensation it gave him. He let out a content sigh as Steve massaged his thighs before moving up to the cheeks of his ass. The blonde grinned wickedly as he nipped the skin on each cheek, leaving small red marks in its place.

"Oh..." Tony hissed, chest pressing against the wall.

Steve hummed, kissing the marks he left before he pulled back slightly. Tony didn't expect what came next, at least not from Steve. His hand connected with his right cheek and the brunette let out a yelp, eyes wide.

"Steve!" he exclaimed, blushing a little.

Tony never blushed, and it only made Steve more aroused than he was already.

"God," he growled. "You've been so bad Tony," he purred.

His hand slapped against Tony's left cheek now, a red hand print marked the skin. Tony whined, legs trembling slightly. Steve smirked and rested his hand under Tony, holding him up by his hip.

"Easy soldier," he crooned.

The brunette moaned softly, feeling Steve's lips on the small of his back. His lips trailed down further, stopping just above the crease of his ass, a small purr leaving his mouth. Tony gasped when he felt Steve's tongue flick out and connect with his skin.

"S-Steve," he stammered.

"Shh," Steve soothed.

Tony's cheeks were spread as Steve found what he was looking for. His tongue ran up in one straight, perfect line up the crack of Tony's ass, brushing his hole lightly. The brunette keened, knees buckling, but Steve kept him steady and upright.

"Steve...ungh, you're a tease," the brunette gasped.

Steve grinned as he ran his tongue over Tony's hole again, breath hot on the tender skin.

"Nngh," Tony groaned.

"Gonna' get you nice and slicked up Tony," Steve purred, hands squeezing the brunette's cheeks.

"Yes...please yes," Tony whimpered.

"Gonna' go in raw and rough for you so you scream for me," Steve whispered, one of his fingers now pressing to Tony's entrance.

Tony moaned, pressing himself back slightly, he could take the burn, he didn't care anymore...he wanted it.

"I need your tongue again please...fuck, please Steve," he begged.

Steve hummed as he breached Tony's hole with his tongue again, pushing in deep as he moaned. The sensation went right up Tony's spine and he bucked against the wall and grunted.

"Yeah. Oh my god. Yes. Yes," Tony rambled, arms bracing the wall as he hung his head.

Tony's mind was swimming, of all the men he'd had sexual encounters with, this felt like the best. Steve's tongue was loosening him up with ease and he could feel trails of saliva running down his thighs. The brunette grunted and bit his lip as Steve's fingers dug into the flesh of his cheeks, his cock leaking pre-cum, he needed to be filled desperately.

"Steve..." he whispered.

The blonde opened his eyes as he pulled away and kissed up Tony's spine until he was on his feet again. Tony felt the super soldier pressing close to him, chest flush on his back, cock rubbing slowly on his bare ass. He found it a bit unfair that Steve was still more clothed than him. The brunette wanted to see every inch of Steve. He couldn't help but admit that he'd been thinking about Steve for a while, he'd been thinking about getting those strong hands on him. Hell...he'd dreamt about Steve, every night.

"Tony," Steve purred, tongue grazing the shell of his ear. "You taste so good," he soothed, hand trailing up his chest again.

Steve's hand went to his jaw and to his lips as he ran two fingers on Tony's lips.

"Come on baby...open up," he teased, breath hot on Tony's neck.

Tony mewled and protested as he trembled. A thousand feelings of pleasure were running through him and he didn't know how much longer he could last. Steve rutted his hips against Tony, causing him to gasp, Steve's fingers sliding into his mouth.

"I don't want to hurt you that much Tony," Steve mused.

The brunette moaned, tongue curling around the digits as he slicked them up. He really did need to make Steve angry more often, he loved this new side to him. Steve gave out a husky groan in his ear, making his body shiver as he rocked back against Steve's cock that strained in his sweatpants.

"Fuck," Steve moaned.

Steve removed his fingers, hand falling back down to Tony's ass as he felt for the already loosened muscle.

"I love angry Steve...he's kinky," Tony hummed, gasping when he felt Steve's fingers touch his entrance.

"Oh yeah?" Steve crooned. "You'll see a lot more of that with the way you talk Stark," he growled.

"Oh..." Tony breathed out. "I still find it amazing that it took you all this time to come and get me and in that time your best pal was getting bedded by a god who's hung like a horse, so I've heard," he added, a coy smirk crossing his face.

The blonde's free hand gripped Tony's hip tight as he whined. Steve pressed an open mouth kiss to Tony neck, biting down slightly.

"Steve!" Tony exclaimed, knees buckling.

"Trying to make me angrier are you?" he questioned. "Well you are..." he continued. "And you'll pay for that," he whispered.

Before Tony could reply, Steve's fingers breached him, pushing and stretching with no break at all. Tony cried out back arching as Steve held him steady.

"Easy soldier," he whispered, grinning widely.

"Ah-fuck, Steve," Tony hissed.

Steve let out a hushed laugh, his lips pressing on Tony's jaw.

"You're the prettiest dame here Tony," he purred.

"I-" Tony choked. "Weren't women called dames in the forties?" he asked.

"Yes...doesn't mean I can't call you one, you sound like one when you beg and moan for me anyway," Steve murmured, curling his fingers inside the brunette.

"Okay okay, I'm a dame, I'm a dame! Just-ah...please!" Tony yelled.

"Tell me what you want," Steve replied, fingers pushing in to the knuckle now.

"Ah! Oh god...Cap, I need it, I need you. I want your cock in me please. I want to be filled so full, god...I wanna' scream your name and make sure everyone in the tower hears it. You're so good, you're so good with your tongue, your fingers, I bet you can be good with your cock. I'm sorry I doubted you...fuck you're the best," Tony answered.

The blonde curled his fingers again, massaging Tony's prostate as he yelled. His head fell back and Steve grabbed his hair gently, teeth nibbling the skin on his neck. Tony's eyes welled up as he choked out a sob, closing his eyes to try and stop them from falling.

"You're beautiful this way Tony," Steve praised, hips rocking against his hand which pushed his fingers deeper.

Tony hissed.

"Please..." he pleaded.

Steve grinned.

"I think you're ready now," he hummed.

"Yes..." Tony whispered. "God yes," he moaned.

"Turn around," Steve ordered, stepping back.

Tony did exactly what he said, grabbing the waistband of Steve's sweatpants as he tugged them down. His eyes fell on his hardening cock and he shuddered.

"Fuck you're big," he wavered.

Steve smirked as he cupped Tony's face in his hand and kissed him roughly, their tongues finding each other's again. Tony pulled his shirt off as he threw it away, his hands then caressing ever rippling muscle on the super soldier. They continued to kiss passionately...slowly, as the blonde grabbed Tony's legs and hoisted him up against the wall. The brunette grunted, wrapping his legs tight on Steve's waist. Steve pulled away from Tony's lips as he trailed kisses down to the hollow of his neck. His cock pressed into the crease of Tony's ass, his breath shallow and breathless.

"I'm ready Cap...come on," Tony protested.

The blonde shifted as he eased his hips forward, hands firm on Tony's thighs. His cock pressed against Tony's entrance, making him hiss slightly, he'd wished they'd had lube. Steve's lips found Tony's again, teeth biting and pulling as he pushed his cock in further. Tony grunted, eyelids dipping as the super soldier started rocking his hips. The brunette's pleasures cry echoed in the room once Steve had bottomed out.

"Fuck," Steve moaned.

"Steve, god," Tony whispered.

Their breathing was heavy, cheeks flushed and pupils dilated as they stared at each other. There was a bit of an emotional chemistry there, despite the anger Steve was feeling earlier, and the anger that he still was feeling.

"Come on Cap. Give it to me like you just found out I did something really bad," the brunette hushed.

Steve groaned.

"Like what?" he asked, biting Tony's jaw.

"Like..." Tony soothed. "I put my life at risk. How I always attack before thinking of other strategies. Y'know how ticked off that makes you. And...you know how ticked off it makes

you when I leave metal scraps lying around from my inventing. And-ah!" he yelled.

As Tony had rambled on about what makes Steve angry, the blonde had moved back out of Tony, until only the head of his cock stayed. Then, he thrust his hips forward with such force, he heard the wall creak. Tony's legs trembled as his head rested on Steve's shoulder, arms around his neck. He let out a shaky breath, it was unexpected, but it only made him want more.

"You hate that so much don't you. Me leaving all my things lying around. Making a mess. Leaving it for you to clean up," he purred, eyes locking with Steve's.

Steve glowered at Tony, hips rutting forward again as the brunette choked out a gasp, throwing his head back.

"Oh yeah, that's the spot," he moaned, fingers digging into Steve's skin.

"You're enjoying this huh?" Steve breathed out.

"Mm-ah-yes, fuck Steve," Tony mumbled.

The blonde wasted no time in quickening the pace, hips hammering against Tony's thighs, which he knew would bruise by morning. Tony was a blabbering, moaning mess as he held on for dear life, feeling so full and exhilarated. Steve threw the brunette's legs into his arms where his elbows bent, spreading Tony wider. He could feel every inch of Steve now, he could feel it rut and pulse inside of him, his eyes falling closed in sheer lust.

"How long have you wanted this?" Steve growled.

"Oh so long," he wavered.

Tony let his head fell back against the wall, lips parting as he moaned for Steve, begged, pleaded...anything to get him going. Steve felt his heart rate quickening as he lent into the crook of Tony's neck, biting at his skin, marking him, just so nobody else could have him.

"You're mine now Tony," he whispered.

"Yes, Christ Steve, all yours," Tony gasped out.

Steve should have been able to hold himself together, but he wasn't. He could feel his legs starting to strain, his training session before all this must have fatigued him. Even with his serum, sometimes when Steve pushed the limits, it made him feel worse.

"Tony...I don't think I can hold up much longer," he hissed.

"Don't you dare!" Tony spat. "Don't you dare stop right now Steve or so help me," he growled.

The blonde groaned, clenching his teeth together as his cock still pounded into Tony, feet planted firmly on the floor. His thighs shook and tensed as he braced a hand against the wall.

"I can't," he gasped.

Tony called out as they suddenly fell to the floor, Tony falling right onto Steve. The blonde grunted only slightly from hitting the hardwood floor, his eyes falling closed.

"It's alright Steve I've got this," Tony hummed.

Steve suddenly felt embarrassed that this had happened, but feeling Tony's weight shift above him brought him back to his task. Tony rested his hands on Steve's chest as he slid down gracefully, his ass rubbing right on Steve's leaking cock.

"Tony..." he grumbled.

"Shh," the brunette soothed. "Let Iron Man take care of Captain America," he whispered.

Tony lent down, kissing Steve deeply as he lined himself up against Steve's cock. The blonde's fingers curled into Tony's hair, tongues dancing as Tony moaned softly. He moved his hips down, Steve's girth opening him up again, his pleased noises muffled by Steve's greedy mouth. Steve tugged Tony's hair as they parted, before letting his hands fall to Tony's thighs. He slapped them roughly and Tony moaned softly, sliding further down onto Steve.

"Nngh, Tony..." he grunted.

The brunette gasped as he sat perfectly on Steve's hips, hands resting on the blonde's heaving chest. He grinned as he rocked his hips, drawing out a hoarse moan from Steve. His patience was wearing thin, Steve was going to lose it if he didn't get his release soon.

"Tony, don't be a fucking tease," he hissed, hands squeezing Tony's thighs.

"Says you who did it to me," Tony replied, a coy smirk on his face.

Steve growled as he grabbed Tony's ass greedily, his right hand connecting with the soft skin. Tony yelped, a new wave of pleasure waving through him as he fell forward again.

"Oh..." Steve whispered. "You like that," he purred. "You like being spanked by Captain America, see I did it earlier and you sort of enjoyed it, now I think you really do," he added, a smug grin showing on his face.

"Mmpf, maybe," Tony breathed out.

"Well, you have been bad anyway," Steve soothed, left hand then connected with Tony's left cheek.

He cried out a moan, arching his back as he pushed himself back up.

"Now come on, show me what Tony Stark has got," Steve hummed, thrusting his hips once.

It was enough to get Tony going. Enough to make him keen as he started to roll his hips and move his body up and down in gentle thrusts. Steve shuddered as his eyes fell closed, biting

his lip so tight it might bleed. Tony was starting to get into a better rhythm, using Steve's chest for leverage as his pace became faster.

"God, Steve, it feels better this way," Tony whimpered, reaching for his own cock.

Steve batted his hand away, holding his wrist tight in his hand.

"Try and cum without touching yourself," he purred, a wicked smile showing on his face.

"You bastard," Tony grumbled.

But he went with it anyway, still working up and down on Steve, feeling his cock deep as every word was replaced by a moan, groan or a grunt. Steve's toes curled every time Tony thrust down hard, teasing and taunting the blonde. He'd had enough of the teasing, Tony was purposely missing that one sweet spot inside him, just so it dragged this along. With his hands still firmly gripped on Tony's ass he pulled him off of him, his strength was always stronger than Tony's.

"What are you doing?" he grunted, jaw clenching slightly.

"You're purposely slowing this down and it's pissing me off," Steve snapped. "So I'm going to finish this," he added.

Tony didn't have time to protest or ask questions as he was flipped onto his hands and knees, chest flush on the floor. His eyes were wide as he felt Steve tower over him, hands sliding down the curve of his back.

"Steve..." he moaned.

He never got a reply, because he was already screaming again as Steve thrust into him roughly. His hands grasped the brunette's hips as he began to finish what he'd started. Steve's pace was quick, ruthless and his hands came into contact with Tony's ass every now and again to either slap or squeeze harshly. When Tony felt Steve's cock hit his prostate his eyes rolled to the back of his head as he groaned loudly. That's exactly what Steve was waiting for, it drove him further and further into that pool of desire he needed.

"Yes. Steve, oh god. Right there. That feels good. Fuck. Yes. Yes. Yes," Tony grunted, palms pressing to the floor as he pushed himself up.

"Tony-I...fuck I'm close," Steve breathed out.

"Come on Steve! Give me it! All of it!" Tony yelled.

Steve hung over Tony, sweat falling down his forehead as he pounded into Tony. The brunette's back arched as he bit his lip, his falling closed.

"Yeah. That's it Steve. Harder," he encouraged.

It sent Steve over the edge, his hips thrusting forward a few more times, hitting Tony's prostate hard. Tony screamed Steve's name, seeing stars as he reached his climax without

touching himself as a pool of white covered the floor under him. Steve quaked and gasped as he lent down and bit Tony's shoulder, filling Tony up. Their chests heaved in sync as they stayed in their places for a moment, before Steve moved, spent and satisfied as he lent his back against the kitchen counter. Tony still stayed on his hands and knees, body trembling as he came down from his high, his eyes watering slightly.

"Hey," Steve spoke, breathlessly.

Tony managed to sit up, making his way over to Steve as the blonde ran a hand through the brunette's hair. Their lips met in a lazily, soft kiss and Tony just knew there was going to be more of this.

"You were amazing, the blonde hummed.

The brunette grinned.

"Speak for yourself Cap," he whispered. "Shower?" he questioned.

"Don't even need to ask twice," Steve answered.

They stood as Tony went to clean the mess on the floor before taking Steve's hand as they disappeared to his bathroom. He wondered how it would be in the morning.

Everybody knew something had changed overnight. For one, Tony and Steve were in the kitchen, cooking breakfast. Together. If anything it was Steve who would cook for them, or Steve and Natasha would do it. But no, Steve and Tony were, and it raised a few eyebrows. Clint and Natasha left for a mission after they'd eaten, missing the cheeky ass grab that Tony gave Steve while he was flipping the bacon. Bruce was still asleep, Thor went downstairs to do some training and even he saw the flirtatious exchanges between the pair. It was Bucky and Loki who were the last to rise from their room, showered and dressed for a new day. They reached the top of the stairs when they saw Steve with his hands all over Tony, tickling him, their childlike laughter echoing in the kitchen. Bucky raised an eyebrow and Loki chuckled as he stepped forward.

"Good morning boys," he spoke.

The shenanigans stopped as Steve and Tony pulled away, their cheeks going a little red.

"Looks like things got sorted out last night then," Bucky mused, grin crossing his face.

"I don't know what you're talking about," Tony lied, stealing a sly glance at Steve.

Bucky smirked even wider.

"Yes. Steve, oh god. Right there. That feels good. Fuck. Yes. Yes. Yes," he mimicked, grasping the kitchen counter.

Steve went crimson red as he glanced over at Tony who was equally as red. Loki tried to hide his laughter but it slipped out every now and then.

"Okay, okay...you caught us," Tony huffed.

"Hell I walked up here and saw you two with your hands all over each other," the brunette laughed.

"We should have taken it to the bedroom," Steve whispered.

"Hey, you did break my table I wasn't going to say let's take this to the bedroom," Tony protested.

Bucky and Loki were in fits as they lent against each other, arms wrapping around their ribs. This only made Steve and Tony start laughing as well, it was humorous in a way.

"Then what's next for you both if last night's endeavours were so fulfilling?" Loki questioned.

Tony grabbed two plates with food on them as he slid them across the counter to the couple.

"We're working on it," he mused.

Loki simply smiled and took Bucky's hand as they picked up their food and made their way outside to the table out there. Tony turned back to Steve, who was cooking their breakfast, his cheeks still a little pink. The brunette lent up and pressed a kiss to his cheek, Steve's mouth curving at the corner.

"So, Cap...I was wondering, you, me...a date, Saturday night," he hummed.

Steve looked over at Tony, his blue eyes piercing into Tony's chocolate brown ones.

"Really?" he asked.

"Don't make me change my mind Rogers," Tony purred.

"Yeah, sure...I'd like that, Steve replied, smiling softly.

"Good, wear something that's easy to rip off for when we get home," Tony whispered, slapping Steve on the rear before sauntering away.

The blonde chuckled as he went back to cooking, putting the eggs on some plates.

"So who wants to hear the story of how it all went down!" Tony yelled.

Steve froze.

"TONY!" he roared.

More laughs erupted from outside, a choking noise coming from Bucky as he tried to swallow the egg he'd had in his mouth. Steve shook his head as he turned back to the stove. He knew things were going to be alright now...Tony was his now, and he was glad.

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